THE LONE WOLF

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Copyright by Louis Joseph Vance.)

SYNOPSIS.

—7—

After stealing the Omber jewels and the Huysman war plans in London Michael Lanyard returns to Troyon's, Paris inn, for the first time in many years because he thinks Roddy, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. At dinner a conversation between Comte de Morbihan, M. Bannon and Mlle. Bannon about the Lone Wolf, a celebrated cracksman who works alone, alarms him. Lanyard dresses and goes out, leaving Roddy snoring in the next room, then comes back stealthily, to find in his room Mlle. Bannon. In the apartment near the Trocadero he finds an invitation from The Pack to the Lone Wolf to join them. Lanyard attempts to dispose of the Omber jewels, but finds that The Pack has forbidden the buyers to deal with him. He meets three masked members of The Pack, Popinot, apache, and Wertheimer, English mobsman, but the third, an American, is unknown to him. He refuses alliance with them. On his return to his room he is attacked in the dark, but knocks out his assailant. He gives the unconscious man, who proves to be the mysterious American, a hypodermic to keep him quiet, discovers that Roddy has been murdered in his bed with the evident intention of fastening the crime on him, and changing the appearance of the unconscious American to resemble his own, starts to leave the house. In the corridor he encounters Lucia Bannon, who insists on leaving with him. Having no money Lucia is obliged to take refuge with Lanyard in the studio of an absent artist friend of his. He locks her in a room alone and retires to get some rest himself. After sleep Lanyard finds his viewpoint changed. He tells Lucia who he is.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

She caught her breath sharply—whether with dismay or mere surprise at his frankness he couldn't tell.

"Are you?" she demanded quickly.

"A crook—and all that? Miss Bannon, you know it!"

"The Lone Wolf?"

"You've known it all along. De Morbihan told you—or else your father. Or it may be you were shrewd enough to guess it from De Morbihan's gasconading at the table. At all events, it's plain enough to me that nothing but desire to secure proof of my identity with the Lone Wolf took you to my room last night—whether for your personal satisfaction or at the instigation of Bannon—and that nothing less than your own disgust with what was going on actuated you to run away from such intolerable associations. Though, at that, I don't believe you even guessed how unspeakably vicious they were!"

He paused and waited, anticipating furious denial or attempt at refutation; such would, indeed, have been the logical development of the temper in which she had descended to confront him.

Rather than this, she seemed calmed and sobered by his charge; far from resenting it, she appeared disposed to concede its fairness; anger deserted her expression, leaving it intent and grave. She came quietly into the room and faced him squarely across the table.

"You thought that ill of me—that I was capable of spying on you—yet were generous enough to believe I despised myself for doing it?"

"Not at first. At first, after we had met back there in the corridor, I was convinced you were bent on further spying. Not till within this hour, since waking up, did I begin to understand how impossible it would be for you to lend yourself to such villainy as was at work last night."

"But if you thought that of me then, why did you—"

"I can't tell you," he said slowly—"I don't know why. I can only presume it must be because—I can't help believing in you."

Her glance wavered, her color deepened. "I don't understand—" she murmured.

"Nor I," he confessed in a tone as low.

A sudden grumble from the teakettle on the table between them provided welcome distraction. Lanyard lifted it off and slowly poured the boiling water on a measure of tea in an earthenware pot.

"A cup of this and something to eat'll do us no harm," he ventured, smiling uneasily—"especially if we're to pursue our psychological inquiry into the whereforeness of the human tendency to change one's mind!"

CHAPTER XV.

Confessional.

When the girl made no response, but remained with troubled gaze focused on some remote abstraction. "You will have tea, won't you?" Lanyard urged.

She recalled her thoughts, nodded with the faintest of smiles—"Yes, thank you"—and dropped into a chair.

He began at once to make talk in an effort to dissipate the constraint that stood between them like an unseen alien presence: "You must be very hungry."

"I am," she assented.

"Sorry I've nothing better to offer you. I'd have run out for something more substantial, only—"

"I've been awake several hours," she interposed—"found myself locked in, and heard no sound to indicate that you were still here."

"I'm sorry; I was overtired and slept like a log. But assuming the case: you would have gone out alone, penniless—"

She nodded. "True. But what of that?"

"In desperation you might have been forced to return—"

"And report the outcome of my investigation!"

"Pressure might have been brought to bear upon you to induce admissions damaging to me," Lanyard submitted pleasantly. "Whether or no, you'd have been obliged to renew associations you're well rid of."

"You feel sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"How can you be?" she challenged. "You've yet to know me twenty-four hours."

"But perhaps I know the associations better. In point of fact, I do. Even though you may have stooped to play the spy last night, Miss Bannon—you couldn't keep it up. You ran away to escape further contamination from that pack of jackals."

"Not—you feel sure—merely to keep you under observation?"

"I do feel sure of that. I have your word for it."

The girl deliberately finished her tea and sat back, regarding him steadily beneath level brows. Then she said with an odd laugh: "You have your own way of putting one on honor!"

"I don't need to—with you."

She analyzed this with gathering perplexity. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I don't need to put you on your honor—because I'm sure of you. But even if I were not, still I'd refrain from exacting any pledge, or attempting to." He paused and shrugged before continuing. "If I thought you were still to be distrusted, Miss Bannon, I'd say: 'There's a free door; go when you like, back to the Pack, turn in your report, and let them act as they see fit.' Do you think I care for them? Do you imagine for one instant that I fear any one—or all—of that gang?"

If he might read her countenance, it expressed more than anything else distress and disappointment.

"Why do you boast like this—to me?"

"Less through self-satisfaction than through contempt for a pack of murderous mongrels—impatience that I have to consider such creatures as Popinot, Wertheimer, De Morbihan, and—all that crew!"

"And Bannon," she corrected calmly—"you meant to say!"

"Well—" he stammered, discountenanced.

"It doesn't matter," she assured him. "I quite understand, and strange as it may sound, I've very little feeling in the matter." And then she acknowledged his stupefied stare with a weary little smile. "I know what I know," she affirmed with obscure significance.

"I'd give a good deal to know how much you know," he muttered in his confusion.

"But what do you know?" she caught him up—"against Mr. Bannon—against my father, that is—that makes you so ready to suspect both him and me?"

"Nothing," he confessed—"I know nothing; but I suspect everything and everybody. And the more I think of it, the more closely I examine that brutal business of last night, the more I seem to sense his will behind it all—as one might glimpse a face in darkness through a lighted lattise."

His pause and questioning look evoked no answer; the girl sat moveless and intent, meeting his gaze with a countenance inscrutable. And something in her impassive attitude worked a little exasperation into his temper.

"Why," he declared hotly—"if I dare trust to intuition—forgive me if I pain you—"

She interrupted with impatience: "I've already begged you not to consider my feelings, Mr. Lanyard! If you dared trust to your intuition—then what?"

"Why, then I could believe that Mr. Bannon, your father—I could believe it was his order that killed poor Roddy!"

There could be no doubting her horrified and half-incredulous surprise.

"Roddy?" she iterated in a whisper almost inaudible, with face fast blanching. "Roddy—"

"Inspector Roddy of Scotland Yard," he told her mercilessly, "was murdered in his sleep last night at Troyon's. The murderer broke into his room by way of mine—the two adjoin. He used my razor, wore my dressing-gown to protect his clothing, did everything he could think of to cast suspicion on me, and when I came in assaulted me, meaning to drug and leave me insensible, to be found by the police. Fortunately—I was beforehand with him. I left him in my place—drugged, insensible—when I stole away and met you there in the corridor. You didn't know?"

"How can you ask?" the girl moaned.

Bending forward, an elbow on the table, she gripped her hands together until their knuckles shone white through the skin—but not as white as the white face from which her eyes sought his with a look of dumb horror, dazed, pitiful, imploring.

"You're not deceiving me? But no—why should you?" she faltered. "But how terrible, how unspeakably awful!"

"I'm sorry," Lanyard mumbled. "I'd have held my tongue if I hadn't thought you knew—"

"You thought I knew—and didn't lift a finger to save the man?" She jumped up, with a blazing face. "Oh, how could you?"

"No—not that—I never thought that. But, meeting you then and there, so opportunely—I couldn't ignore the coincidence; and when you admitted you were running away from your father, considering all the circumstances, I was surely justified in thinking it was realization, in part, at least, of what had happened that was driving you away."

She shook her head slowly, her indignation ebbing as fast as it had risen.

"I understand," she said; "you had some excuse, but you were not right. I ran away—yes—but not because of that. I never dreamed—"

She fell silent, sitting with bowed head and twisting her hands together in a way he found it painful to watch.

"But please," he implored, "don't take it so much to heart, Miss Bannon. If you knew nothing, you couldn't have prevented it."

"No," she said brokenly, "I could have done nothing if I had known. But I didn't. It isn't that—it's the horror and pity of it. And that you could think—"

"But I didn't!" he protested—"truly I did not. And for what I did think, for the injustice I did do you, believe me, I'm truly sorry."

"You were quite satisfied," she said, "not only by the testimony of appearances, but to a degree, in fact. You must know—now I must tell you—"

"Nothing you don't wish to!" he interrupted quickly. "The fact that I practically kidnaped you under pretense of doing you a service, and suspected you of being a spy of that Pack, gives me no title to your confidence."

"Can I blame you for thinking what you did?" She went on slowly, without looking up—gaze steadfast to her interlaced fingers: "Now, for my own sake, I want you to know what otherwise, perhaps, I shouldn't have told you—not yet, at all events. I'm no more Bannon's daughter than you're his son. Our names sound alike—people frequently make the same mistake. My name is Shannon—Lucy Shannon. Mr. Bannon called me Lucia because he knew I didn't like it and wanted to tease me; for the same reason he always kept up the pretense that I was his daughter when people misunderstood."

"But—if that is so—then what—"

"Why—it's very simple." Still she didn't look up. "I'm a trained nurse. Mr. Bannon is consumptive—so far gone, it's a wonder he didn't die years ago—for months I've been haunted by the thought that it's only the evil in him keeps him alive. It wasn't long after I took the assignment to nurse him that I found out something about him. He'd had a hemorrhage at his desk, and while he lay in coma, and I waited for the doctor, I happened to notice and in part read one of the papers he'd been working over when he fell. And then, just as I began to appreciate the sort of man I was employed by, he came to, and saw—and knew.

"Don't Pity Me!" She Insisted.

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescent suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood aghast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannon's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

CHAPTER XVI.

Decision.

"Poor child!" he heard himself murmuring—"poor child!"

"Don't pity me!" she insisted, still with face averted. "I don't deserve it. If I had the spirit of a mouse I'd have defied him; it needed only courage enough to whisper one word to the police—"

"But who is he, then?" Lanyard demanded. "What is he, I mean?"

"I hardly know how to tell you. And I hardly dare. I feel as if these walls would betray me if I whispered even. But to me he's the incarnation of all things evil."

She shook herself with a nervous laugh.

"But why be silly about it? I don't really know what or who he is. I only suspect and believe that he is a man whose life is devoted to planning evil and ordering its execution through his lieutenants. When the papers at home speak of 'The Man Higher Up' they mean Archer Bannon, though they don't know it—or else I'm merely a hysterical woman exaggerating the impressions of a morbid imagination. And that's all I know of him that matters."

"But why, if you believe this—how did you at length find courage—"

"Because I had no more courage to endure; because I was more afraid to stay with him than to go—afraid lest my own soul be the forfeit. And then, last night, he ordered me to go to your room and search it for evidence that you were the Lone Wolf. It was the first time he'd ever asked anything of the sort of me. I was afraid, and obeyed; but I was glad when you interrupted me—glad, even though I had to lie to you the way I did. And all that worked on me, after I'd gone back to my room, until I felt I could stand it no longer, and after a long time, when the house seemed all still, I got up, dressed quietly, and— That is how I came to meet you—quite by accident."

"But you seemed so frightened at first when you saw me—"

"I was," she confessed simply; "I thought you were Mr. Greggs."

"Greggs?"

"Mr. Bannon's private secretary—his right-hand man. He's about your height and has a suit like the one you wear, and in that poor light and at the distance I didn't notice you were clean-shaven—Greggs wears a mustache—"

"Then it was Greggs murdered Roddy and tried to drug me! I shaved off his mustache when I left him there to wait for the police. By George, I'd like to know whether they got there before Bannon or somebody else discovered the substitution. It was a telegram to the prefecture, you know, I sent from the Bourse last night!"

In his excitement Lanyard began to pace the floor, and now that he was no longer staring at her, the girl lifted her head and watched him closely as he moved to and fro, talking aloud—more to himself than to her.

"I wish I knew! And what a lucky thing you did meet me; for if you'd gone on to the Gare du Nord and waited there—well, it isn't likely Bannon didn't discover your flight before eight o'clock this morning, is it?"

"Mr. Lanyard"—the girl bent toward him across the table with a gesture of eager interest—"have you any idea why he—why Mr. Bannon hates you so?"

"As far as I know, I never heard of him before," Lanyard said carelessly. "I fancy it was nothing more than the excitement of a man-hunt. Now that they've found me out, De Morbihan and his crew won't rest until they've got my scalp."

"But why is that?"

"Professional jealousy. We're all crooks, all in the same boat, only I won't row to their stroke. I've always played a lone hand successfully; now they insist on coming into the game and sharing my winnings. And I've told them where they could go."

"And because of that, they'd—"

"There's nothing they wouldn't do, Miss Shannon, to bring me to my knees or see me put well out of the way, where my operations can't hurt their pocketbooks. Well—all I ask is a fighting chance, and they shall have their way!"

Her brows contracted. "I don't understand. You want a fighting chance—to surrender—to give in to their demands?"

"In a way—yes. I want a fighting chance to do what I'd never in the world get them to believe I mean to do—chuck it all up and leave them a free field."

And then, when still she searched his face with puzzled eyes, he insisted: "I mean it; I want to get away—clear out—chuck the game for good and all!"

A little silence greeted this announcement. Lanyard, at pause near the table, resting a hand on it, bent to the girl's upturned face a grave but candid regard. And the deeps of her eyes that never swerved from his were troubled strangely in his vision.

He could by no means account for the light he seemed to see therein—a light that kindled while he watched, like a tiny flame, feeble, fearful, vacillant; then, as the moments passed, steadied and grew stronger, but ever leaped and danced, so that he, lost in wonder of it and forgetful of himself, thought of it as the ardent face of a happy child dancing in the depths of some brown autumnal woodland.

"You," she breathed incredulously—"you mean you're going to stop—"

"I have stopped, Miss Shannon. The Lone Wolf has prowled for the last time. I didn't know it till just now—when I woke up an hour or so ago—but I've turned my last job."

"But why?" she demanded in bewilderment. "But why do you say that? What can have happened to make you—"

"If it won't bore you, I'll try to explain." He drew up his chair and sat down again, facing her across the littered table. "I don't suppose you've ever stopped to consider what an essentially stupid animal a crook must be. Most of them are stupid because they practice clumsily one of the most difficult professions imaginable, and inevitably fail at it, yet persist.

"There's another class, men whose imaginations forewarn them of dangers and whose mental training, technical equipment, and sheer manual dexterity enable them to attack a formidable proposition like a modern safe—by way of illustration—and force its secret. They're the successful criminals, like myself—but they're no less stupid, no less failures than the other ninety-nine in our every hundred, because they never stop to think. It never occurs to them that the same intelligence, applied to any one of the trades they must be masters of, would not only pay them better, but leave them their self-respect and rid them forever of the haunting dread of arrest that dogs us all like the memory of some shameful act. All of which is much more of a lecture than I meant to inflict upon you, Miss Shannon, and sums up to just this: I've stopped to think."

With this he stopped for breath as well and momentarily was silent, his faint, twisted smile testifying to self-consciousness; but presently, seeing that she didn't offer to interrupt, but continued to give him her attention so exclusively that it had the effect of fascination, he stumbled on, at first less confidently.

"When I woke up just now it was as if, without my will, I had been thinking all this out in my sleep. I saw myself for the first time clearly, as I have been ever since I can remember—a crook, thoughtless, vain, rapacious, ruthless, skulking in shadows and thinking myself an amazingly fine fellow because, between coups, I would play the gentleman a bit, venture into the light, and swagger in the haunts of the respectable. In my poor, perverted brain I believed there was something fine and thrilling and romantic in the career of a great criminal and myself a wonderful figure—an enemy of society—potentially as deadly as a rattlesnake, always ready to kill—if I never did!"

"Why do you say this to me?" she demanded abruptly out of a phase of profound thoughtfulness.

He lifted an apologetic shoulder and laughed with a sheepish air.

"Because, I presume, I'm no longer self-sufficient. I was all of that twenty-four hours ago, but now I'm as lonesome as a lost child in a dark forest. I haven't a friend in the world. I'm like a stray pup, groveling for sympathy. And you—are unfortunate enough to be the only person I can declare myself to. It's going to be a fight—I know that too well—and without something outside myself to struggle toward I'll be heavily handicapped. But if"—he faltered, with a look of wistful earnestness—"if I thought that you, perhaps, were a little interested, that I had won your faith and had that to respect and cherish—if I dared hope that you'd be glad to know I had won out against odds—it would mean a great deal to me; it might mean my salvation!"

Watching her narrowly, hanging upon her decision with the anxiety of a man proscribed and hoping against hope for pardon, he saw her eyes cloud and shift from his, her lips parted but hesitant, and before she could speak he hastily interposed:

"Please don't say anything yet. First let me demonstrate my sincerity. So far I've done nothing to persuade you but—talk and talk and talk! But give me half a chance to prove I mean what I say."

"How"—she enunciated only with visible effort and no longer met his appeal with an open countenance—"how can you do that?"

"In the long run, by establishing myself in some honest way of life, however modest; but now, and principally, by making reparation for at least one crime I've committed that's not irreparable."

He caught her quick glance of inquiry and met it with a confident nod as he placed between them the morocco-bound jewel case.

"In London, yesterday," he said quietly, "I brought off two big coups. One was deliberate, the other the inspiration of a moment. The one I'd planned for months was the theft of the Omber jewels—here."

He tapped the case, then resumed in the same manner: "The other—needs a diagram. Not long ago a Frenchman named Huysman, living in Tours, was mysteriously murdered—a poor inventor, who had starved himself to perfect a stabilizator, an attachment for aeroplanes which renders them practically fool-proof. His final trials had created a sensation, and he was on the eve of selling his invention to the government when he was killed and his plans stolen.

"Circumstantial evidence pointed to an international spy named Ekstrom—Adolph Ekstrom, once chief of the aviation corps of the German army, cashiered for general blackguardism—with a suspicion of treason to boot. However, Ekstrom kept under cover, and presently the plans turned up in the German war office. That was a big thing for Germany; already supreme with her dirigibles, the acquisition of the Huysman stabilizator promised her ten years' lead over the world in the field of aeroplanes.

"Now, yesterday, Ekstrom came to the surface in London with those self-same plans to sell to England. Chance threw him my way, and he mistook me for the man he'd expected to meet—Downing street's secret agent. Well—no matter how—I got the plans from him and brought them over with me, meaning to turn them over to France, to whom, by rights, they belong."

"Without consideration?" the girl inquired shrewdly.

"Not exactly. I had meant to make no profit of the affair—I'm a bit squeamish about tainted money—but under present conditions, if France insists on rewarding me with safe conduct out of the country, I sha'n't refuse it. Do you approve?"

She nodded earnestly. "It would be worse than criminal to return them to Ekstrom."

"That's my view of the matter."

"But these?" The girl rested her hand upon the jewel case.

"Those go back to Mme. Omber. She has a home here in Paris that I know well. In fact, the sole reason why I didn't steal them here was that she left for England unexpectedly, just as I was all set to strike. Now I purpose to use my knowledge of her house to restore the jewels without risk of falling into the hands of the police. That will be an easy matter. And that brings me to the one great favor I would beg of you."

She gave him a look so unexpectedly kind that it staggered him. But he had himself well in hand.

"You can't leave Paris now before morning—thanks to my having overslept," he continued. "There's no honest way I know to raise money before morning opens the pawnshops. But I'm hoping that won't be necessary; I'm trusting I can arrange matters for us without going to that extreme. Meanwhile—you agree that these jewels must be returned?"

"Of course," she affirmed gently.

"Then—will you accompany me when I replace them? There won't be the slightest danger. I promise you that. Indeed, it would be more hazardous for you to wait for me elsewhere while I attended to the matter alone. And I'd like you to be convinced of my sincerity."

"Don't you think you can trust me for that as well?" she asked with a flash of humor.

"Trust you!"

"To believe, Mr. Lanyard," she told him earnestly, "I do believe!"

"You make me very happy," he said—"but I'd like you to see for yourself. And I'd be glad not to have to fret about your safety in my absence. As a bureau of espionage, Popinot's brigade of Apaches are without a peer in Europe. I'm positively afraid to leave you alone."

"That is your sole reason for asking this of me?" she insisted, eying him steadily.

He colored, and boggled his answer. "I can't tell you," he admitted in the end.

"Why can't you tell me?"

He stared at her miserably. "I've no right. In spite of all I've said, in spite of the faith you so generously promise me, in your eyes I must still figure as a thief, a liar, an impostor—self-confessed. Men aren't remade by mere protestations, nor even by their own efforts, in an hour, or a day, or a week. But give me a year. If I can live a year in honesty, and earn my bread, and so prove my strength—then, perhaps, I might find the courage, the—the effrontery to tell you why I want your good opinion. Now I've said far more than I meant or had any right to. I hope," he ventured pleadingly, "you're not offended."

Only an instant longer could she maintain her direct and unflinching look. Then his meaning would no more be ignored. Her lashes fell, a tide of crimson flooded her face, and with a quick movement, pushing her chair a little from the table, she turned away from him. But she said nothing.

He remained as he had been, bending eagerly toward her.

And in the long minute that elapsed before either spoke again, both became oddly conscious of the silence brooding in that lonely little house, of their isolation from the world, of their common peril and mutual dependence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Building Island.

Hawaiian soil is being used to build up the small coral island in the Pacific known as Midway and used as a relay station by the Commercial Pacific Cable company. A quantity is taken there every three months by the schooner that is sent with the food supplies for the operators. The task of building the island has progressed so far that it is possible to keep a cow on the pasture.

O, You Good Housewife!

Write a postal card today asking us to send you free, full particulars how you can get a set of the famous *Oneida Community Par Plate Silverware Free* by saving the signature of *Paul F. Skinner* from each package of

SKINNER'S Macaroni Products

the finest food in the world—at all grocers. We will answer your inquiry at once and in addition send you with our compliments a beautiful 36-page book of recipes.

Write today to

SKINNER MFG. CO.
OMAHA, NEB.
The Largest Macaroni Factory in America

Leap-Year Hint.

"When we get better acquainted," said he, "I shall call you by your first name."

"All right," she rejoined. "And I hope our acquaintance will reach the point where my friends can call me by your last name."

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

"Tommies" May Cheer Up.

"Sunshine," said Ruskin, "is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather—only different kinds of good weather;" all of which should prove interesting to the soldiers now suffering from bad attacks of trench foot from standing knee deep in icy water.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price $1.00.—Adv.

The camelia was carried from Japan to France by a missionary named Kamel.

Six children in England claim the prince of Wales as their godfather.

NOW 25 CENTS
SOLD IN 1-POUND CANS ONLY
Ask Your Grocer

REBUILT Traction Engines

16 H. P.	Advance, direct flue	$ 800
16 H. P.	Russel, direct flue	790
16 H. P.	Robinson, direct flue	850
16 H. P.	Port Huron, direct flue	850
16 H. P.	Reeves, direct flue	1,000
20 H. P.	Buffalo-Pitts, return flue	575
20 H. P.	Minneapolis, direct flue	1,250
20 H. P.	Case, direct flue	1,400
22 H. P.	Minneapolis, direct flue	1,300
20 H. P.	Star, return flue	800

WEBER IMP. & AUTO CO., 1900 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS

Every Fowl a Money Maker

Did you read about the man that gave some chickens away and tied 25 cents on their legs and came out ahead!—Put 'em all to work—There should not be a chicken on the place that isn't earning money—Get my new Big Free Book. Tells of Chickens, Turkeys, Geese and Ducks, Incubators, Brooders and poultry fixings of all kinds. Henry Steinmesch, Pres. 77 S. 4th St. St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

Delicious Pilaff

There are some dishes upon the Turkish bill of fare which the returned Westerner never wholly ceases to regret. Pilaff is one. It is a food as national with the Turk as the potato with the Irish, as the cabbage with the German. It takes a multitude of forms, but its basic quality, its quality of being pilaff, is derived from rice being cooked in such a way as to preserve each grain firm and distinct. The rice is unpolished, and, in the cooking, takes on a gelatinous coat. Sometimes, it is boiled in mutton fat, a rich, smooth, inviting dish. Sometimes bits of roast mutton are mingled with it, when it becomes a meat pudding of delicious flavor. It is cooked with small currants and pine nuts, fragrant and spicy. It is stuffed with dates and flavored with orange peel; but, whatever its form, it is one of the treasured memories of a visit to the near East.

No Wonder It Was Different.

"Do you notice anything different about the milk this morning, dear?" asked a young wife. "Why, yes, now you mention it!" replied her lord and master. "It's more—more—that is, it tastes—" "Quite so!" she cried, with a triumphant ring in her voice. "Our last milk was so thin that five days ago I tried a new milkman. He had such splendid milk, George, that I took in a supply for a whole fortnight! I've been wondering every morning when you'd notice it!"

Thrill of Being Wet

There is something rudimentary and fundamental about having water splashed down upon one, and getting completely and deliciously wet. Not damp, not moist, but wet, wringing wet. You yourself when a child never enjoyed anything so much as your first drenching in an unforeseen and unavoidable rainstorm—the thrill of being wet, the cool drive of the water on your nose, into your sleeves, and down your neck; and the joyous shush of soaked, water-logged boots. Even the tedium of being rubbed with alcohol, bundled up, and warned you would catch your death, did not diminish the event. You voted it better than the time you fell off the boat-dock; it lasted longer.—Atlantic Monthly.

To Get On Well With Others.

"In order to be satisfied even with the best people we need to be content with little and to bear a great deal," says the wise Fenelon. He finds that there must be "a mutual, loving forbearance. Frequent silence, habitual recollection, prayer, self-detachment, giving up all critical tendencies, faithfulness in putting aside all the idle imaginations of a jealous, fastidious self-love, all these will go far to maintain peace and union. How many troubles would be avoided by this simplicity! Happy is he who neither listens to himself nor to the idle talk of others."